Henry Buehler

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The Deformed Girl.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presence! lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past—back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdening by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sun-light and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth have perished in the great deep; others on the battle field, afar off in a land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains, which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of Mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love. There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high, so unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescention of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was Deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart *can* love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentler and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love—a yearning after something invisible and holy—something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me—nay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly: and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption—pale, ghastly consumption, had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent low to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstances can mar the communion of spirit. Oh Henry, had it been permitted!—but I will not murmur. You were created in more than manhood's beauty, and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity, to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime.—Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
"Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

The Bridegroom's Probation.

A TRUE STORY.

A young Englisbman, from gaming, love affairs, and such other gold scattering employments, had so nearly reached the dregs of his great grand-father's hereditary portion, that he could calculate the departing hour of his last guinea. One evening he was returning home from one of those haunts of dissipation, which he habitually frequented, feeble in body as in mind, and for the first time in his life, casting a firm look on his fortune, he could not well determine whether he should end his troubles by drawing the trigger, or by throwing himself into the Thames.

While he was thus wavering between fire and water, the very profound idea occurred to him not to lay violent hands on himself, but allow himself to be conducted out of the labyrinth of poverty by the fair hand of some wealthy bride. With this consoling thought he went to bed, and already in his nocturnal visions the rapid racers flew, and the girls frisked around him, both of which he was happy in thinking he might maintain in future upon the dowry of his wife.

On the following morning he reflected anew upon his plan, and found it unexceptionable in every point, excepting the very slight circumstance of not knowing where to find the rich heiress he wanted. In London; where all regarded him as a spendthrift it was not once to be thought of, he saw that for the future he must throw his net elsewhere.

After much cogitation and searching, he at last hit upon an old rich Colonel, living upon his own estate, about twenty miles from the capital, who fortunately had no acquaintance in London, and was the father of an only daughter.

Into the house of this gentleman, by means of a friend to whom he promised half the booty, he got introduced and received.—The daughter of the Col. was an awkward country girl, with round chubby cheeks like Rubens' cherubims, and looked particularly odd in the hand-me-down attire of her sainted mother's mother, which did not at all fit her, and was of course not of the most fashionable cut.

Her mind, too, was as attractive as her attire; she could only talk of hens and geese; and when any other topics came above board, her conversation was limited to a "yes, yes," or a "no, "no," and beyond this seemed to her sinful.

This wooden puppet was indeed a contrast to the sprightly, gay and lively nymphs with whom the young Briton had until this period, been toying; but he carefully confined to the solitude of his own bosom the disagreeable feelings of this heaven and earth difference. His flattering tongue called the girl's silliness innocence, and her red swollen cheeks he likened to the beauty of the full blown damask rose. The end of the song was turned to the father, and he sued warmly for the daughter's hand.

The Colonel during his 60 years career thro' this world, had collected so much knowledge of mankind, that, however slily the young man had masked himself, he could nevertheless discover the *fortune hunter* peeping through the disguise. At first, therefore, he thought of peremptorily refusing him permission to woo his daughter but, on the other hand, he thought "the youth is fashionable, and perhaps I may be doing him injustice; he, as yet, betrays no anxiety about the portion, and why should the girl, who mariageable, remain any longer at home? His request shall be granted; but his apparent disinterestedness shall stand a decisive trial."

In the course of a few weeks the marriage ceremony was performed at the country house of the Col. and he instantly made his son-in-law acquainted with his wife's portion, amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The dissembler acted as if he wished to know nothing about the matter, and solemnly vowed that he had not, as yet, thought upon such things, but had only regarded the noble qualities of his charming wife, whose pure self was dearer to him than all the treasures in the world.

Upon this they sat down to the table, and the father-in-law urged and begged that they would make as much haste as possible, as it was his intention that the young married people should set off that afternoon for London, and that he should accompany them.

The son-in-law was confounded, and excused himself about travelling on the first day of his happiness, but the soldier maintained that those were futile, assuring him that he had particular reasons for proceeding forthwith to the capital, and that his matrimonial joy would be as well realized in London as in the country. What was to be done! Why the journey was immediately undertaken. The old man secured in a small casket, before the eyes of the bridegroom, the portion of the bride, partly in gold and partly in bank notes, took under his arm, and placed himself by the side of the young people in the carriage.

The road ran through the forest, and scarcely had they fairly entered it, when two horseman darted out from the brushwood, with masks upon their faces, and stopt the carriage. One of these persons watched the postillion with a presented pistol, while the other approached the coach window, and said, "we are adventurers, and request you to give up the bride.

The Col. and his son-in-law swore and ranted, but the robber coolly insisted on his demand. After some parleying, however the horseman bent towards the young man and whispered in his ear, "that you may know that we are most reasonable men, we leave you to your choice of two things—give us the bride or her portion; for certain reasons, it is quite immaterial to us, and, moreover, no one shall ever know your decision."

The bridegroom did not think long about the matter; for he whispered "take the bride!" "Brother," cried the robber to his accomplice, "we shall take the bride."

In the twinkling of an eye the soldier seized his gentle son-in-law by the neck shook him violently, and exclaimed in a thundering voice, "ha villain! so conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune.—God be praised! that my child and my money are not irrecoverably in your clutches. Know then, you knave, the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are no highwaymen, but friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole vileness, we shall have no more connexion. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London—or to the devil."

With these words he translated the astonished bridegroom, with a kick from his carriage to the road, and ordered the postilion to turn about. The out-law set out for London, and had, while upon the road, the fairest and best opportunity of determining whether he should now use the pistol or throw himself into the river.

FROM THE CULTIVATOR.

On the Corn Crop.

[From the proceedings of the New-York State Agricultural Society.]

By J. BUEL.

There is no crop more beneficial to the American farmer than Indian corn. An eminent agriculturist, the late John Taylor of Virginia, called it the "meal, meadow, and manure," of the farm. It is convertible into human food in more forms than any other grain; its value in fattening domestic animals is not exceeded by any product of the farm; and no crop returns more to the soil than this does in the form of manure. There are two important requisites, however, to its *profitable* cultivation. The first is, that the soil be adapted to its growth; and the second, that the crop be well fed and tended: for food and attention are as important to the plant as to the animal. Ordinarily speaking, it costs less to take care of a good crop of corn, on proper corn land, than it does of a bad crop on land not adapted to its culture. The first is light and dry. The latter stiff, wet or grassy. I put the average expense of cultivating and securing an acre, at $15, (*a*) including a fair rent, though it ordinarily exceeds the sum. The farmer, therefore, who obtains thirty bushels from the acre, estimating the grain at 50 cents per bushel, gets a fair compensation for his labor, and the use of his land. Whatever the product falls short of this is an absolute loss; and whatever it may exceed it is not gain. Thus the man who gets but twenty bushels from the acre, loses upon this estimate, $20 worth of his labor, on four acres. He who raises 80 bushels an acre, on the other hand, realizes a net profit of $100 from four acres—making a difference in the profits of the two farmers, in the management of four acres of corn, of *one hundred and twenty dollars!* These data are sufficiently accurate to show the importance of the two requisites I have suggested, and the value of a little calculation in the business of farming. The habit of noting down the expense, as well as the product of a crop, and thus ascertaining the relative profit and loss, is highly advantageous to the practical farmer, and one which cannot be too strenuously inculcated. It will perhaps be said, that I ought to add the value of the manure which is employed by the large crop; but I reply, that I offset this against the increased forage which this crop furnishes. Besides, by applying the manure in the unfermented state in which its generally found in the spring, it will be as beneficial to the succeeding crops, as though it had lain and fermented in the yard, and been applied in the usual way in the autumn. (*b.*)

The soils adapted to the culture of Indian corn, are such as are permeable to heat, air (*c*) and the roots of the plant, and embrace those denominated sandy, gravelly and loamy. Corn will not succeed well on grounds that are stiff, hard or wet. The roots grow to as great a length as the stalks, and the soil must be loose to permit their free extension.

The manures used are generally yard and stable dung, and plaster of paris, (*sulphate of lime.*) The first ought to be abundant; as upon the fertility which it induces, depends the profit of the crop. Long or unfermented manure is to be preferred. It decomposes as the wants of the plant require it; while its mechanical operation, in rendering the soil light and porous, is beneficial to the crop. It should be equally spread over the whole surface, before it is ploughed under. It then continues to afford fresh pasture to the roots till the corn has matured, and is in its place to benefit the succeeding crop. If put into the hills, the roots soon extend beyond its influence, it does not so readily decompose, and the subsequent crop is prejudiced from its partial distribution in the soil. In a rotation of four or five years, in which this crop receives the manure, twenty-five or thirty ordinary loads may be applied to *one* acre with greater profit, than to *two* or *three* acres. Every addition tells in the product; and there is scarcely any danger of manuring too high for this favorite crop. Gypsum is applied broadcast before the last ploughing or harrowing, or strewed on the hills after hoeing. I pursued the first method, at the rate of a bushel to the acre. (*d*)

The best preparation for a corn crop is a clover or other grass lay, or lea, well covered with a long manure, recently spread, neatly ploughed, and harrowed lengthwise of the furrow. A roller may precede the harrow with advantage. The time of performing these operations depends upon the texture of the soil, and the quality of the sod. If the first is inclining to clay, or the latter tough or of long continuance, the ploughing may be performed the preceding autumn; but where sand or gravel greatly preponderate, or the sod is light and tender, it is best performed in the spring, snd as near to the planting as convenient. The harrow at least should immediately precede planting. All seeds do best when put into the fresh stirred mould. Stiff lands are ameliorated and broken down by fall ploughing; but light lands are rather prejudiced by it. When corn is preceded by a tilled crop, the ground should be furrowed, and the seed deposited in the bottoms of the furrows. Where there is a sod, the rows should be superficially marked, and the seed planted upon the surface. Where the field is flat, or the sub-soil retentive of moisture, the land should be laid in ridges, that the excess of water which falls may pass off in the furoughs.

The time of planting must vary in different districts and in different seasons. The ground should be sufficiently warmed by vernal heat to cause a speedy germination. Natural vegetation affords the best guide. My rule has been to plant when the apple is bursting its blossom buds, which has generally been between the 12th and 20th of May.

Preparation of the seed. The enemies to be combated are the wire worm, brown grub, birds and squirrels. Of these the first and two last prey upon the kernels, and against these tar offers a complete protection. I soak my seed 12 to 20 hours in *hot* water, in which is dissolved a few ounces of crude salt petre, and then add (to 8 quarts of seed) half a pint of tar, previously warmed and diluted with a quart of warm water. The mass is well stirred, the corn taken out, and as much plaster added as will adhere to the grain. This impregnates and partially coats the seed with the tar. The experience of years will warrant me in confidently recommending this as a protection for the seed.

The manner of planting is ordinarily in hills, from two and a half to six feet apart, according to the variety of corn, the strength of the soil, and the fancy of the cultivator. The usual distance in my neighborhood is three feet. Some, however plant in drills of one, two and three rows, by which a greater crop is unquestionably obtained, through the expense of culture is somewhat increased. (*e*) *The quantity of seed* should be double, and may be quadruple (*f*) what is required to stand. It is well known that a great difference is manifest in the appearance of the plants. Some appear feeble and sickly, when the best nursing will not render productive. The expense of seed, and the labor of pulling up all but three or four of the strongest plants in a hill, it is believed will be amply remunerated by the increased product. If the seed is covered, as it should be, with fine mould only, and not too deep, we may at least calculate upon every hill or drill having its requisite number of plants.

The after culture consists in keeping the soil loose and free from weeds, which is ordinarily accomplished by two dressings, and in thinning the plants, which latter may be done the first hoeing, or partially omitted till the last. The practice of ploughing among corn, and of making large hills, is justly getting into disrepute: for the plough bruises and cuts the roots of the plants, turns up the sod and manure to waste, and renders the crop more liable to suffer by drought. The first dressing should be performed as soon as the size of the plants will permit, and the best implement to precede the hoe is a corn harrow, adapted to the width of the rows, which every farmer can make. This will destroy most of the weeds and pulverise the soil. The second hoeing should be performed before or as soon as the tassels appear, and may be preceded by the corn harrow, a shallow furrow of the plough, or what is better than either, by the cultivator. (*g*) A slight earthing is beneficial, providing the earth is scraped from the surface, and the soil and manure not exposed. It will be found beneficial to run the harrow or cultivator, a third, and even a fourth time, between the rows, to destroy weeds and loosen the surface, particularly if the season is dry. (*h*)

In harvesting the crop, one of three modes is adopted, viz. 1. The corn is cut at the surface of the ground, when the grain has become glazed, or hard upon the outside, put immediately into stooks, and when sufficiently dried, the corn and stalks are separated, and both secured. 2. The tops are taken off when the the corn has become glazed, and the grain permitted to remain till October or November upon the buts. Or, 3. Both corn and stalks are left standing till the grain has fully ripened, and the latter become dry, when both are secured. There are other modes, such as leaving the buts or entire stalks, in the field, after the grain is gathered; but these are so wasteful and slovenly as not to merit consideration. The stalks, blades and tops of corn, if well secured, are an excellent fodder for neat cattle. If cut, or cut and steamed, so that they can be readily masticated, they are superior to hay. Besides, their fertilizing properties, as a manure, are greatly augmented by being fed out in the cattle yard, and imbibing the urine and liquids which always there abound, and which are lost to the farm, in ordinary yards, without an abundance of dry litter to take them up. By the first of these methods, the crop may be secured before the autumnal rains; the value of the fodder is increased, and the ground is cleared in time for a winter crop of wheat or rye. The second mode impairs the value of the forage, requires more labor, and does not increase the quantity, or improve the quality, of the grain. The third mode requires the same labor as the first, *may* improve the quality of the grain, but must inevitably deteriorate the quality of the fodder. The corn cannot be husked too promptly after it is gathered from the field. If permitted to heat, the value of the grain is seriously impaired. (*i*)

Saving seed. The fairest and soundest ears are either selected in the field, or, at the time of husking, a few of the husks being left on, braided and preserved in an airy situation till wanted for use.

In making a choice of sorts, the object should be to obtain the varieties which ripen early, and afford the greatest crop. I think these two properties are best combined in a twelve rowed kind which I obtained from Vermont some years ago, and which I call Dutton corn, from the name of the gentleman from whom I received it. It is earlier than the common eight rowed yellow, or any other field variety I have seen, and at the same time gives the greatest product. I have invariably cut the crop in the first fourteen days of September, and once in the last week in August. The cob is large, but the grain is so compact upon it, that two bushels of sound ears have yielded five pecks of shelled grain, weighing 62 lbs. the bushel.

In securing the fodder, precaution must be used. The buts become wet by standing on the ground, and if placed in large stacks, or in the barn, the moisture which they contain often induces fermentation and mouldness. To avoid this I put them first in stacks so small, that the whole of the buts are exposed upon the outer surface; and when thoroughly dry they may be taken to the barn, or left to be moved as they are wanted to be fed out—merely regarding the propriety of removing a whole stock at the same time.

NOTES.

(*a*) *Estimated expense of cultivating an acre of Indian corn:*

One ploughing, (suppose a clover lay,)	$2 00
Harrowing and planting,	2 00
Two hoeings, 4 days and horse team,	3 75
Harvesting, 2 days,	1 50
Cutting and harvesting stalks,	1 50
Rent,	5 00
	$15 75

(*b*) Stable and yard manures lose 50 per cent. by the fermentation they undergo in the yard during the summer. This loss consists of the gases which are evolved in the process of rotting, and of the fluids which sink into the earth, or are carried off by the rains. Plants receive their food either in a gaseous or liquid form. If manure rots in the soil, neither these gases or fluids are lost: the earth retains, and the roots of the plants imbibe them. Yet recent manures are not proper to be applied to small grains. They cause too rank a growth of straw, and are apt to induce rust and mildew. Thus a crop of corn, potatoes, or ruta baga may be *fed* and *fattened*, if I may use the expression, upon the dung which is destined to nourish the wheat crop, without deteriorating its value for the latter purpose, if it is applied to the corn, &c. before it has fermented.

(*c*) We are on the northern border of the maize zone, and should make up for defect in climate by selecting soils into which the heat readily penetrates. Air, besides conveying warmth in summer, imparts fertility by the vegetable food which is always suspended in it in the form of gases. Dews are also charged with these properties of vegetable nutriment, and when the soil is porous, they settle down as in a sponge, and impart fertility to the roots (the true mouths) of plants.

(*d*) I adopt the opinion of Davy, as the *modus operandi* of plaster of paris, that it forms a necessary constituent of plants which it benefits, and is of no direct benefit to plants which do not afford it on analysis. Among the first are the clovers, corn, potatoes, and generally such plants as have broad or succulent leaves; while the latter embrace culmiferous grains and grasses, as wheat, rye, timothy, &c. Critical observation for years has confirmed me in this conclusion. Gypsum, must be rendered soluble before it can be taken up by the mouths of plants, and it requires 600 parts of water to dissolve one of this mineral. I infer from these facts, that by burying it in the soil, it more readily dissolves, and is more accessible to the mouths of plants, than if spread upon the surface of the ground. I am induced, from these views of the subject, to sow plaster, on grass grounds, in March, and upon corn and potato grounds before the last ploughing for these crops. The latter was recommended and practised by the distinguished agriculturists, the late Mr. Taylor of Virginia, and Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania.

(*e*) The following table exhibits the difference in product of various methods of planting, and serves also to explain the manner in which large crops of this grain have been obtained. I have assumed in the estimate, that each stock produces one ear of corn, and that the ears average one gill of shelled grain. This is estimating the product low; for while I am penning this (October) I find that my largest ears give two gills, and 100 fair ears half a bushel of shelled corn. The calculation is also predicted upon the supposition, that there is no deficiency in the number of stocks, a contingency pretty sure on my method of planting.

	Hills.	bush.	qts.
1. An acre in hills, 4 feet apart, each way, will produce	2722	42	16
2. The same, 3 by 3 feet,	4840	75	20
3. The same, 3 by 2½ feet,	5808	93	28
4. The same in drills, at 3 feet, plants 6 in. apart, in the drills,	Stalks. 29,040	113	14
5. The same in do. 2 rows in a drill, 6 in. apart, and the plants 9 inches, and 3 feet 9 inches from centre of drills, thus, ...	30,970	120	31
6. The same in do. 3 rows in a drill, as above, 3 ft. from centres of drills,	43,560	170	5

The fifth mode I have tried. The ground was highly manured, the crop twice cleaned, and the entire acre gathered and weighed accurately the same day. The product in ears was 103 baskets, each 84 lbs. net, and 65 lbs. over. The last basket was shelled and measured, which showed a product on the acre of 118 bushels 10 quarts. I gathered at the rate of more than 100 bushels the acre, from four rods planted in the third method, last summer; the result ascertained in the most accurate manner. Corn shrinks about 20 per cent after it is cribbed. The sixth mode is the one by which the Messrs. Pratts, of Madison county, obtained the prodigious crop of 170 bushels per acre. These gentlemen, I am told, are of opinion, that the product of an acre may be increased to 200 bushels.

(*f*) I am told the Messrs. Pratts, above alluded to, used seven bushels of seed to the acre, the plants being subsequently reduced to the requisite number.

(g) The cultivator is made in the form of a triangular harrow, with two bulls; or if intended to be graduated to different widths, a centre bull is added, to which the exterior ones are attached by hinges. Iron slats, fixed to the exterior bulls, pass through a mortice in the centre one, perforated with holes, through which an iron pin passes to hold them at the graduated width. The teeth may be in any approved form, or reasonable number. The cultivator I use has five teeth, two in each of the outward, and one upon the centre timber.

The teeth have a stout shank, with a duck's foot termination, four inches broad, somewhat cylindrical, rounded at the point, and inclined forward in an angle of 30 or 40°. This implement is useful for other purposes; and may be used, like Beatson's, as a substitute for the plough, in preparing light soils for a crop. The handles are attached to the centre piece. The teeth have a shoulder, on the under side of the timber, and are fastened with screws and nuts above.

(*h*) Some entertain a mistaken notion, that it is prejudicial to stir the soil among corn in dry weather, and others that weeds serve to prevent the evaporation of moisture by a hot sun. The reverse of these opinions is true.—The exhaustion of moisture by a plant is in the ratio of the surface of its leaves and stocks presented to the sun and air.

(*i*) The leaves are the necessary organs for elaborating the food of plants, and when these are taken away the plant must cease to grow. The sap is useless until it undergoes elaboration in the leaves. Hence, when corn is topped in the usual way, the supply of food is cut off from the grain, except what may be elaborated in the husks. On comparing corn gathered by the first and second modes, it was the opinion of those who assisted in husking, that the first was soundest, brightest and heaviest. The third mode I have not tried. But it seems probable, that the grain might acquire an increase of volume, though it would lose again by depredation and waste. The first method has these further advantages that it preserves the cob from being saturated with rains, and secures the fodder, when it is in its highest perfection and greatest quantity.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

The Bride of Peru, or the Assassin Viceroy.

AN ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Hadst not thou been by
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame
This murder had not come into my mind.
King John 1*st*.

"A few centuries ago the vast continent of America, with its immense forests, fertile prairies, and innumerable rivers," was uninhabited, save by the aborigines, unknown to all save the native inhabitants of the soil. Before the white man made his ill-omened appearance this rich and fertile Continent, knew not oppression, resounded not with groans of the slaughtered, crying from the blood stained ground for vengeance on their murderers.—The scene of the following tale is laid in the rich and fertile kingdom of Peru, that ill fated province whose glittering treasure made it the Theatre upon which the scene of murder and devastation was chiefly performed by Pizarro and his followers. While Columbus who was entitled, (if any were entitled) to the profit of the adventure, was suffered to die neglected and in obscurity, even deprived of the honour of giving his name to the country he first discovered by an artful imposter, who, if justice were done, would be only mentioned in terms of reproach; Unhappy Columbus thou art a monument and a monument more durable than adamant, of the ingratitude of Kings. The morning "mother of dews" had chased the dark brow'd but starry night, from her "Ebon throne" the brilliant light of the sun superseded the chaste beams of the moon and the morning song of the birds, betokened that all nature was paying homage to their Almighty Creator. In the language of Southey.—

There was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tints of Amethysts
Embathed in emerald glory.

Never did the morning break more beautifully through the shades of night, and never did the "glorious king of day" illuminate a lovelier scene. The broad Pacific glittered as though a thousand diamonds were concealed in the bosom of each playful wave, a delicious breeze removed the sameness which a calm would have spread over the scene, the ocean rose and fell in undulation, as gentle as the bosom of virgin innocence unconscious as it laved the golden sands with its rippling waves, of the honors transacted in the vicinity. Nor was the landscape less lovely. The ground sloped gently from the ocean, forming a regular ascent and a forest of lofty palm trees, promised a place of shelter from the heat of the noon day sun, the ground was covered with wild flowers that filled the air with the most delicious perfumes. The trees in one place formed an amphitheatre larger and far more splendid than that of ancient Rome; for when could art equal nature! But still with all its loveliness it possessed a somewhat stern character; the lofty trees formed a vista, till the trunks in the distance seemed mixed in interminable confusion, and the solitude and silence that reigned over the place gave it an appearance of melancholy grandeur. The solitude was unbroken save by two persons, who with slow and stately steps were pacing the amphitheatre seemingly busied in deep and engrossing converse. The mein of him who was apparently the superior was remarkable in the highest degree and once seen never could be forgotten. He was tall and elegantly formed and dressed in a style of oriental magnificence, but of Spanish fashion. His countenance very handsome and expressive and his large black eyes flashed fire when he was agitated by passion. "He seemed—

For dignity composed and high exploit,
But all was false and hollow.

his companion was remarkable for nothing save the sarcastic smile that was seldom absent from his countenance and the quick penetrating glance of his dark grey eye. "Hate him!" said the first, "that, Lopez, is too mild a word, the feeling I have toward him, is deep, deadly and absorbing; it makes a part of my existence, waking it haunts my thoughts—and sleeping it visits my dreams. It is a curse bestowed on man—the deadly poison that embitters all our happiness that converts pleasure to pains, is all expressed in that single word, Hate." And why my Lord," said Lopez, "should you hate him who has done you no injury, offered you no insult!" "Done me no injury offered me no insult! but by my soul he has. Lopez, thou hast been my confidant, have known every feeling, every passion that agitated me and I have found thee faithful, and have met with sympathy in your friendly bosom, but I have to tell thee that, which no living ear, has yet heard—a tale of *horror*—breathe not what I tell you even to the wind. But why should I doubt thee—thou hast ever been secret. You are aware that Pizarro was the first of our family who was ennobled it is needless to say tor his exploits in this kingdom, and I esteem myself more honoured by the priviledge of calling that illustrious, courageous & enterprizing man my ancestor than if I had descended from kings, but the nobles of Spain thought not so—Gracious heavens! I have endured suppressed sneers, open scorn and condescending kindness and even—yes Lopez—even, open undisguised insult—but I was revenged and bloodily revenged." Don Pedro, for it was he, paused, there was a gloomy joy on his wild eye and he looked as though he expected his victim's spectre to burst the cearments of the grave, and stand to blast him, he recovered himself and continued his tale.

"Don Estamara the brother of Don Fernando my mortal foe—once ventured to reproach me with the meanness of my ancestry, I never forgot it: a Spaniard never forgets an insult. The king had appointed Don Mathias, my father viceroy of Peru, he was murdered by the Indians it is said he ruled them with a rod of iron and they murdered him—I swore, may heavens bitterest curse fall on me if I keep not my oath—that for every hair of his valued honored head a savage should be sacrificed. The king appointed me to succeed my father. In the ship that brought me over was Estamara and his little son. O! how I burned for vengeance—The night was dark and stormy, the thunder was deep and portenteous; to me it seemed like the low growling of the tiger before he springs on his unsuspecting prey—at intervals as the lightning's flash illumined the deep obscurity in which every thing was buried, it showed me a sight that came on my mind like the dew of heaven on the parched castle grateful and refreshing, it showed me Estamara and his son—standing at the side of the ship—I had burned for vengeance, I had prayed for vengeance and here was a chance for its accomplishing the friends laughed that night. With slow and silent footsteps I stole to his side—another instant my poinard was buried in his bosom—a deep groan from my victim a heavy plunge in the water and all was over." Pedro paused, "you murdered him, said Lopez in a tone of horror—"Aye," said, Pedro—"call it murder an thou wilt but why that look of horror—is it a thing so new so strange that men should be killed—'tis the fate of man to die and of what consequence is it that a few years of misery are cut off from his life!—but to continue. The child was a witness of his father's death and might in time be dangerous, my dagger was raised to his dispatch him but his scream of terror struck me with compassion—I gave the alarm and the cry of a man overboard was heard in every part of the ship. I conveyed the child to my cabin, and kept him close prisoner under pretence of taking care of him but he escaped after we had landed and I heard no more of him. Could you not guess what became of him, my Lord!" asked Lopez with the manner of one who expected yet dreaded to hear the confirmation of some horrible idea. "I have sometimes supposed, said Don Pedro, that he was adopted by some of the Indian tribes at others supposed he was devoured by wild beasts but be it either way I care not; if he is dead I need not fear him if living the time is so long past he must have forgotten it." "Trust not to that, my Lord," said Lopez, "the impressions of infancy are not easily effaced." "Hush! I care not, but to my tale I was duly installed in my new office but never till now could find a pretence to sacrifice the savages to my vengeance. During a course of twelve years I have harassed them in every possible way and now have brought them to open rebellion and I am heartily rejoiced that they have given me a pretext to shed their blood; some enemy of mine has reported what is termed my tyranny to the king and he forsooth sends this Don Fernando under the pretence of being my counsellor in reality as a spy, and a check upon my actions you know how he has thwarted me that alone would make me wish his death but there is another cause, a damning cause for wishing his death—he has a daughter a chaste and beautiful virgin I loved her ardently aye I loved her more than I hated her father. I stooped, yes for her sake I stooped to ask him for her hand, solicited my deadly foe for his daughter. I might have been his friend but mark his answer. It is not, said he, to high rank or to wealth I give my daughter, but to honour, humanity and generosity. I am refused said I in an enquiring manner. He bowed, I rushed from the house the flames of hell raged, in my bosom. I am a Spaniard and a Castillian, he must, he shall die—and thou Lopez shall be the instrument of my vengeance stand but to me my dear friend and wealth power and beauty shall be all thine own. Let him die and his daughter that proud beauty must be mine and mine without the sanction of the church but the first step to my wishes must be on her fathers corse. Wind your bugle and call the soldiers to this place and give them my orders to guard the forest and if they meet the Indians kill them without mercy. Be faithful and secret." So saying, Don Pedro left the place with hasty and disordered steps. Lopez gazed after him and smiled bitterly. "Tyrant he exclaimed the snare thou art spreading for the innocent shall cause your destruction, the noble Fernando shall know the story of his brother's murder and thou false Lord meet the punishments, due to thy crimes."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The following amusing extract is from the Blank Book of a Country Schoolmaster, a contribution to the Knickerbocker. Dribbles and Quibbles are by no means rare in this latitude.

THE HAPPY MAN AND THE LUCKY DOG.

In this strange world of ours, where each pursues his golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same, he is the Happy man, who, blest with modest ease, a wife and children,—sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition, than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he, who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room, in his morning gown and slippers; drums on the window of a rainy day, and as he stirs his evening fire, snaps his finger at the world, and says, "I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for."

Mankind are like a pendulum; they vibrate from one extreme to the other. It was so with my friend Quibble, who is now no more. He was taken away in toe bloom of life, by a very rapid———widow. Before this untimely event, he was by pre-eminence *the* Bold Bachelor,—the "good knight without fear and without reproach," as the old chronicles say. He was by birth and profession a beau—born with a quizzing glass and a cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings, and crowed among the feathered tribe. But alas! a fair, white partlet has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more.

You will generally find him of a morning nosing round a beef cart, with domestic felicity written in every line of his countenance, and sometimes meet him in a cross-street at noon, hurrying homeward, with a beef-steak on a wooden skewer, or a fresh fish, with a piece of tarred twine through its gills. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night, when the child cries. Like a Goth, of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In return, she sweetens his coffee for him, puts in his breast pin, ties his cravat in a bow knot, and never lets him go out alone after dark. In short, the ladies all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is a hen-pecked.

Quibble is a Happy Man.

Not so with Dribble. He is a sexagenary bachelor, and a Lucky Dog. He has one of those well-oiled dispositions, which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking. The hey-day of life is over with him; but his old is sunny and chirping; and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down-chimney.

Dribble is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex—"the muslin," as he calls it—"he is the gentle flower of chivalry." It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him out. His heart looks out at his eye; and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element, and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, "in making dodging calls, and wriggling round among the ladies!"

Dribble is a Lucky Dog!

FROM THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

Casper Hauser.

While the tragic death of Caspar Hauser still excites the sympathy of every feeling mind, and the King of Bavaria is offering enormous sums for the discovery of his murder—whilst the sudden fall of the curtain, on the dark drama of his life, would seem to have condemned us to endless uncertainty as to the occult and mysterious power that tortured his existence for so many years and at last brought it to so fatal a close, a new Œdippus, starts up and attempts to throw down the whole structure of hypothesis and brooding fancies, which the fertile imaginations of Germany have thrown around this adopted son of Nuremberg, and protege of Lord Stanhope—around this Caspar Hauser, through whom philosophers flattered themselves they might solve some of the most difficult problems in physiology,—on whom Doctor Fiurback has written a very excellent work, which has been translated into English, republished in England and in this country.—This Caspar Hauser, according to the authority in question, was, reader! originally nothing more or less than a Merry Andrew, a mountebank, a performer of high vaulting and low vaulting, and all the wonderful feats, by which the gaping crowd in Europe are amused at their public fairs and their public places.

Far be it from us to assume the responsibility of expressing our own belief in the facts given below or in the deductions drawn from them. We confine ourselves to translating as closely as possible a letter written from Ausbach, the place where Caspar Hauser died by the Chevalier de Lang, to the editor of the Literary Gazette, published at Leipzig.

Ansbach, the 3d January, 1834.

* * * * You know that Caspar Hauser was living here with a schoolmaster, under whose care he had been placed. He returned home on the 14th December last, towards evening, wounded in the breast, of which wound he died on the 17th of the same month. According to his own saying, he had been invited by a stranger (in the midst of a violent tempest of wind and rain) to take a walk in the garden of the castle, where near the monument erected to the memory of Tz,* this unknown person presented to him a silk purse with a letter, whilst opening which, the stranger struck him a blow with a poignard, which wounded him in the breast.

The judicial inquiry which has just taken place proves that all his declarations are false. Until now; no one has been able to discover the least trace of this stranger whom Caspar describes as wearing moustaches and whiskers, tall, wrapped up in a blue mantle, and with spurs on.—The witnesses examined, affirm under oath that they saw Hauser (who in fact went out at the hour he did, contrary to the restrictions which had been imposed on him) enter the garden of the castle alone and walk towards the monument without being accompanied by any one, they saw him afterwards return, no person pursuing him. Besides, at the place where the monument is erected, the ground was covered with snow, and here and there the print of Hauser's footsteps were only perceptible. The purse which Hauser said was presented to him, was found there, but with it, a letter, the writing in which, and it is now said, the contents betraying extreme ignorance, leave the strongest reasons to presume, they proceeded from Hauser himself. In it, among other things, it is said that they would not kill Hauser and that he would know better than any one who was the stranger and who sent him. The wound after scratching the pericardum, enters the stomach, passes through its whole length till it is lost in the liver, which is of a larger size than usual, appears to show that it was inflicted by himself, and renders it improbable that it was struck by the hand of an assassin standing in front of him, who could not have given his weapon such a direction. In considering what would have induced Hauser to commit an act of this kind, two conjectures present themselves. It is possible that as formerly at Nuremberg, he wanted to interest and mystify the public by another story of a pretended attempt at assassination and that he had given the instrument he used a wrong direction. It is possible, too, that the reproaches of the conscience on his culpable impostures, have driven him at last to this desperate step. The examination of his corpse, which shows that his physical organization was perfect, also forbids the belief in his long captivity in a dungeon deprived of all liberty of motion. Marks of inoculation have too been discovered on his body.

What are we to conclude from all this?—This Caspar Hauser has always acted like a mischievous boy, lying, lazy, and indocile.—Ridiculous attempts have been made to prove that he was the last shoot of the elder branch, now extinct, of the Counts of Tattenbach—then, again, that he was a son of the Grand Duchess Stephanie, from whom he was taken away by the stealth, she being assured that the child of which she had been delivered was dead. It is thus that his stupidity has been worked upon, and his imagination perverted by forcing him to believe that he was the son of a prince, or at least of a count. According to my belief, it is very probable that this phenomenon is no one else than the Merry Andrew of some one of those troops of mendicants which abound in Lower Ravaria, and that his parents had taken him with them on a pilgrimage to Alten-Eitengen, where he was to exhibit himself at one time as a cripple,—at another as a simpleton;—then, when a wager had been made, he was to surprise the public by marks of good sense, or some other unexpected talent. Such as, for instance, the cripple leaping with agility on a horse, and then managing the animal like a good rider. In support of this opinion, are the facts of his first appearance at Nuremberg in the garb of a mendicant, his vulgar dialect, common in those parts of Bavaria, the rosary he had about him with the prayers printed and addressed to our Lady of Alten-Ettingen; then again his dexterity in riding which immediately struck the good citizens of Nuremberg. And I conclude that Caspar Hauser left his troupe of Bavarian mendicants and began to practice at Nuremberg on his own account, his talents for deception and mystification. I authorize you, sir, to make such use of this letter as you may think proper, and to publish it with or without my signature.

LANG.

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* A lyric poet born at Anspach in 1720, died in 1796. The society of "the Friends of the Arts" erected to his memory this monument, surmounted with a colossal bust.

A Bear's Conscience.

The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his enemies. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, in the back bone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of a panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words: "Hark ye, bear! you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours is the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs—perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I should have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe, by your cowardly conduct." I was present at the delivery of this curious invective, and when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it. "Oh," said he, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked, and how he blushed when I was upbraiding him?"

ATTACK OF A CORPORAL'S GUARD UPON A SNAKE.—Before we left Dludigul, a circumstance occurred to an English officer commanding a small out-station in this district, which may be considered not undeserving of record. He was early one morning taking his customary ramble, before the sun had attained a sufficient elevation in the heavens to drink up the freshness of the dews which glittered around, when, upon passing a small ruined building, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of something with which his eye did not appear to be at all familiar, moving in a deep recess of the ruin. He approached it cautiously, fearing, as he could not distinguish the object very clearly that it might be a tiger or some other animal equally dangerous. On close inspection, he discovered it to be an immense snake, filling with its voluminous folds the whole recess. Determined at once upon its destruction, but knowing that he could do nothing single-handed against a creature once so active and so powerful, he made best of his way to the guard-house, and ordered half a dozen soldiers to the spot, armed with their muskets, and having the bayonets fixed. They were six strong, determined Englishmen. They made no objection to encounter so unusual an enemy, on the contrary, they were pleased at the thought of the sport, and being formed in a line, advanced steadily to the attack as soon as the word of command was given, and simultaneously transfixed the monster with their bayonets, firmly pinning him against the wall. Being so roughly disturbed from its slumbers, the enormous creature first coiled itself in a few seconds, and such was its prodigious strength, that with one mighty sweep of its tail it dashed five of its assailants to the earth. The sixth, who was near its head, maintained his position, and still kept his terrific adversary against the wall, adroitly avoiding the lashings of his ponderous tail, by stooping or dodging, as circumstances required, until the animal, exhausted with pain and exertion, lay extended at full length upon the earth almost motionless. By this time the five soldiers who had been struck down having recovered their feet, wounded the vanquished snake with the butt-end of their muskets upon the extremity of the tail, where the inosculation of the vertebræ is less firm, thus disabling it completely, that it was soon despatched. It measured upwards of 50 feet in length, and was full three in circumference. [Orient Annual.

Pretty Ankles.

On the elevation of Napoleon to the Empire, the nomination of the dignitaries, both male and female, appointed to various offices about the Court, afforded ample scope for the exercise of Talleyrand's caustic wit. The female fashion of that period sanctioned the liberal display of a neatly turned ankle, or in more precise terms, the ladies' petticoats were then extravagantly short. One day, Talleyrand was in attendance at the Tulleries, in the apartment commonly called *la salle du Trone*. Several ladies were also present, who had just been appointed to the dignity of Maids of Honor, and amongst the number, a certain Madame de Marmier, the daughter of the Duke de Choiseul. Her beauty, which was remarkable, was above all, the exquisite symmetry of a foot, that might have felt at ease in Cinderella's slipper. afforded some excuse for her adoption of the prevailing fashion on its extreme; for be it divulged to our readers, the skirt of her robe was of unconscionable brevity. A good-natured courtier of the new regime remarked the fact to Talleyrand, and asked his opinion of the fair subject. Talleyrand looked first at the lady's face, and then scanned her dress attentively, his eye taking a downward direction. At last he dryly observed, "For a Maid of Honor, her petticoats are rather short."

MRS. TROLLOPE'S VULGARITY.—Vulgarity of *mind*, not of *manners*, is the only vulgarity which a people can charge against their neighbors. Mrs. Trollope accuses the Americans of this vulgarity; but in vain. The very rudeness of their equality belies the charge, (mental vulgarity is always servile to wealth) and the purity of their political idols proves a certain largeness of mind. No vulgar souls could appreciate Jefferson, or adore Washington.—The true vulgarity—that is, mental smallness—is in Mrs. Trollope herself. The Americans point to their cities, their Senate, their public institutions, their cheap food, their universal education; and Mrs. Trollope says the men sup in one room, and the women in another. They point to the Colossus, and Mrs. Trollope sneers at the ring on its little finger. —[Asmodeus at Large.

BUSINESS ANECDOTE.—Messrs Bowden and Masters, two English riders, meeting one night in their travels, the conversation over the bottle turned on the extensive business carried on by their respective houses. Bowden, zealous to prove the superiority of his own, enumerated many extraordinary instances, and finally wound up his climax with saying, "that the business of his house was so extensive, that In their *correspondence only* it cost them £1[illegible] yearly in the article of *ink*." Masters replied, "Why, Bowden, do you advance that as a proof of your superiority to our house?" "I do," said Bowden. "Poo, poo, man! says Masters "why, we save that sum yearly in our house by *omitting dots* to the *i's*, and *strokes* to the *t's*."

ANECDOTE.—A lawyer the other day, had the defence of a fellow, charged before the court, with having obtained goods under false pretences. By the aid of the great skill and professional acumen, for which the advocate is distinguished, he, at length succeeded in persuading the court to release his client. The accused party immediately afterwards called upon his friend the counsellor to pay him the fee to which he was richly entitled. "Well," says the lawyer, "the court didn't think you such an internal scoundrel, as you may be after all." "Not a word, not a word, Mr. Attorney. Keep dark," said the client. "It is no fault of the court. The judge don't know me, nor *you* either. Perhaps it is as well for *both* of us that he don't." [Lowell Mercury.

"BACKING OUT." A brace of "Charlies," from the city, came up to Lowell, one day this week, to see the factory girls and have a '*spree*.' They beat round town for a whole afternoon—swore that Mixter's best mixed hot whiskey warn't half equal to the north end black-strap at hum—and that cotton-mills, shad catching, and rail-roads, were nothing but an infernal bore. Ordered their horse and gig, at half past 7, for home. At half past 11, at night, a person passing up Gorham street, saw a horse and gig backing up on to a vacant lot, just opposite the head of Church street, and in a moment the whole establishment, horse, gig, and passengers, were topsy turvy in six inches of mud. Our two city friends crept out from under the wreck of the carriage. When asked what they had been doing—"Dewin," said the taller one, "hic cup—dewin! why wev'e been *backing out* of Lowell."

Lowell Mercury.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormous fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "Widened at the expense of the Corporation."

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, May 22, 1834.

A DUN.

To such of our subscribers as have not paid for the last year, we must say that their payments have now become due. We have requested them repeatedly to give us the small amount of their subcsription. Our own debts must be paid. Our Paper, Ink, Journeymen, &c. all claim *money*, and money must be had. From our subscribers it must come. The amount is small to them individually, but to us it is much in the aggregate. To those who have paid we return thanks, and to those who have not paid, we request that they will call immediately and liquidate our claims.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met at Philadelphia on the 15th inst. The Rev. Philip Lindsley, D. D. President of Nashville University, was unanimously chosen Moderator. About two hundred members are in attendance.

The Rev. Andrew Read of London, author of the popular work called "No Fiction;" and the Rev. James Matheson, of Dunham, England, have seats as Delegates from the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

We have received the third number of "The Cultivator," from which we copy a valuable article, this week. It is well worth encouragement from our farmers. It can be examined at our office, where subscriptions will also be received. The terms are fifty cents per annum.

A very large amount of lumber has come down the river within the last few days. The water is now falling.

The unprecedently cold weather which we have recently experienced, has not been confined to our section of country alone. The New York Commercial Advertiser says,

"A gentleman from Connecticut informs us that on Thursday morning last, at Ridgefield, the ground was covered with snow—that during the night there was a considerable fall of sleet, and the trees were pendant with icicles. The ice in the ponds was nearly of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a man. Indeed, every thing had more the appearance of the middle of winter than the middle of May. The rye was so far forward, that it is feared it has suffered much from the severity of the weather.

We have been favored with a letter from the house of Grant, Thorburn and Son, dated Albany, May 16th, from which we make the following Extract:—

'It commenced snowing on the night of the 14th, and continued the whole of yesterday, the 15th, with a very severe frost, which, no doubt, has killed all our fruit.—Mr. S. has just called and informs us that every thing that was above ground, say, beans, potatoes, &c. &c. are gone. It is a fact worthy of record, that a farmer of Saratoga, about thirty miles from this, stated to us, this morning, that his horses and wagon had some difficulty to get through the snow yesterday. He measured its depth, and found it lay on a level six inches depth. We are of opinion that we shall not have one peach, plum, nor any other fruit in this section of the country. Almost every sort of seed must be planted over again.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE OF YESTERDAY.

Yesterday morning at five o'clock, there was a driving snow storm, which reminded us of mid-winter, and the ice in many places was an eighth of an inch thick. The fruit trees, flowers and early vegetables must have suffered severely. We shall despair of seeing either cherries or peaches during the next summer. Indeed we do not remember to have before witnessed such cold weather, at so late a period; but an old farmer with whom we conversed yesterday, informs us that many years ago, so late as the 8th of June, vegetation was entirely destroyed in some parts of New England by a heavy frost.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING STAR.

Colonization, Fanaticism, &c. &c.

We congratulate our patriotic brethren of the South from the bottom of our hearts, that the crosses, vexations, and dangers to which they have been long subjected by the fanatics of our country, are about terminating; they may now, we think, "sit under their vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid;" for, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, all the fighting about the emancipation of the blacks will be done north of Mason and Dixon's line. We have had a regular *set-to* by both parties; a regular boxing match between the immediate abolitionists and the friends of gradual emancipation at Chatham Street Chapel; to settle which the police has been called in, and some *black eyes* have been the result. It seems that the fanatics had caught a fellow from Liberia, and after instructing him in the part which he was to play, called a public meeting to hear the examination. The following summary is from the Mercantile.

Anti-Slavery Society, vs. Colonization Society.—On Friday morning last, there were notices circulated throughout the city, stating that in the afternoon of that day there would be an examination at the Chatham street Chapel of a colored man from Liberia, in relation to the condition of that Colony, and the *friends* of the Colonization Society were invited to attend. They did so, at the appointed time.—The Abolitionists, Lewis Tappan, Rev. Dr. Cox and others, called the meeting to order—and *their witness*, Mr. Brown, was called up for examination. He gave a *colored* statement of the affairs at Liberia, and was he said *compelled* to say many things which made him *blush*. One of his family (his wife) he said was *forced* to go to that "country contrary to her will, but upon cross-examination, being asked what force was used—replied it was her *great affection and esteem* for him." Some part of the examination was quite indecent, and was the occasion of marked disapprobation by the meeting. Many ladies were driven from the church by the disgusting details of this most singular examination. So great was the exasperation of the audience, that Hugh Maxwell, Esq. arose and called upon the friends of the Colonization Society, of which he was an officer, to bear for a while with the course now taken by the enemies of their institution, pledging himself, if permitted, he would cross-examine the witness. The course, though reluctantly consented to by the anties, was shortly after refused by them; assigning as a reason, that Brown was *their witness*. This decision was hissed down: and a member of the Colonization Society offered a resolution, approving of the course taken by that Society, and that their confidence in the present prospect and final success of it was *unimpaired*. The resolution was almost unanimously adopted.

The Colonizationists then moved an adjournment, which was carried. Tae abolitionists then gave notice that on Saturday there would be an adjourned meeting for the same purpose at the same time and place.

Thus ended the *first day*, of this disgraceful attempt to array the *North* against the *South*.

Saturday, half-past three, found Chatham, st. Chapel crowded to the very roof—more than three thousand persons wera present. On motion of Lewis Tappan, Esq. Rev. Dr. Cox was called to the chair, and Joshna Leavitt chosen Secretary. Mr. Brown was again called up for examination. Dr. David M. Reese asked permission to interrogate the witness in reference to some of his former statements. which was granted. Brown had said there was no Temperance Societies in Liberia, and that the missionaries did not advocate temperance—and that it was generally believed there, that the use of ardent spirits was necessary, as water there was very bad, and *scarce*. Brown did not mean to say there was no advocates of temperance there—and he must have been *misunderstood*. Dr. Reese then stated there was fourteen missionaries, methodists, besides many others, who were members of the Liberia Temperance Society. Witness was then asked how many *confirmed* drunkards there were in the colony—he answered he knew of *three*, practical drunkards. This caused great applause among the friends of the Colony. Dr. Reese then remarked, that letters were in possession of individual, throwing some light on the character of the witness. The reading of the letters were then loudly called for from every part of the house—and though objections were made by a few—they were produced, much to the annoyance of the Antics. They affirmed that Brown had cheated his former partner, one Ward in Liberia, now deceased—and that it was believed in Liberia, that the injustice of Brown to Ward was the cause of *his death*. This caused intense excitement, and was the occasion of most deafening plaudits from the friends of colonization. They felt and expressed, that the noble cause they had embarked in, could not suffer from the testimony of *such* a witness. At this period, Brown complained that he felt very unwell—that he had *chills and fever*, and wished to be excused from further cross examination. He then was asked if he would, at some future day, meet the Colonization Society—he declined, and said he was *tired* of being questioned. After consultation with his friends, he said he had no objections to the proposal. Some one of the Anties then moved for an adjournment. This was almost unanimously negatived. Dr. Cox then pronounced the meeting adjourned, so far as regarded the *abolitionists*. But the friends of the Colonization cause were not thus to be *prorogued*. Mr. Gurley, Secretary of the Colonization Society, was then called to the chair, and made a most eloquent appeal to the true friends of the colored people both of the North and the South. He implored them, as they loved their beloved country, not to be misled by the wild and vague theories of the opponents to the philanthropic measures they had long and triumphantly espoused. He was cheered by thunders of applause, and the audience solemnly pledged themselves that they would use every *religious* and *moral* exertion in their power to stay the *mad* attempts of those misled fanatics and advocates of *immediate* emancipation. Some disturbance occurred among the colored people during Mr. Gurley's address—but the abolitionist disorganizers were ejected from the house. A colored man from Liberia made some remarks, proving in the most satisfactory manner that the statements of Brown, in many particulars, were false—and nothing but a design to injure the Liberia colony, could have influenced Brown in the utterance of such startling untruths as they had heard from him.

The meeting adjourned in the most peaceable manner. Thus ended the *second day*—and, we trust in God, the *last* day on which the Abolitionists will attempt to throw *firebrands* among our brethren of the *South*.

Dreadful Hurricane—Loss of Lives—and Destruction of Property.

We have the most appalling accounts of a storm which has swept through the counties of Nottoway, Dinwiddie and Prince George, tearing up houses and trees and destroyed the lives of men and horses, &c. A gentleman from Petersburgh has furnished us with the following account. Some idea of the violence of the hurricane may be formed from a fact stated to us by another gentleman who visited the farm of Mr. Wm. E. Bosseau the day after its occurrence. He mentions among other things that a wheel to some cart had been torn from it—the felloe broken into pieces—the spokes torn from the nave—and the circular band which holds the wood work together, straightened out and broken into different pieces.

The whirlwind had been heard of as high up Mr. Herbert Rheese's on Mamazone creek in Dinwiddie, where according to the information of a gentleman whom our informant saw, the overseer and two negroes were killed; and much damage was done to the out houses and fences, but these were not particularly described. Thence, it proceeded rather to the south of east to Pool's tavern on Cox's road where it carried off two large buildings, one a work shop, the other a carriage house, besides minor injuries. Thence it proceeded down the road to Mrs. Kennon Price's, were several small buildings were carried away—then it is supposed to have gone rather more northwardly but nothing was heard of it by our informant; until it reached Precise's shop on the C. H. road where it destroyed the wheel-wright, smith shop, and some smaller buildings—Thence it went to Mr. William Bosseau's, about a mile north of the C. H. road, where it swept off an addition, very recently erected, to his dwelling house; some out-houses and fences—Thence keeping nearly the same course, and passing in a quarter of a mile of Mr. Lanier's on the north, and of Mr. Pegram's on the south of its track, it reached Mr. Wm. E. Bosseau's. Here the destruction was the greatest and most appalling. A large dwelling house, stable, carriage house, corn crib, kitchen, and every out house was completely destroyed, every fruit tree and ornamental tree about the dwelling was torn up by the roots, the yard and garden paling and fencing completely swept away. Mr. Bosseau's brother, a young of fifteen, and a female servant were crushed to death—another dangerously wounded. Mr. and Mrs. B. were both severely bruised and injured by the falling of timbers from the houses on them. Mr. B. was in a field at some distance from the house, saw the whirl-wind approaching, and ran to the house to get his family out into the garden for safety—but was too late to save them all. His brother was killed in the porch door. The houses are described as broken to pieces—scarcely any two pieces of timber to be found adhering to one another—most of the large pieces broken in two. The chimneys destroyed—and scarcely a fourth of the timbers, &c. remain on the plantation. The fences were carried off and some cattle destroyed. Mrs. B.'s situation when last heard from, rather alarming. Thence it extended through the woods, destroying the trees in its progress, blowing them up by the roots and throwing them in opposite directions through a space of about 100 yards wide where our informant saw it, until it reached the lumber-house of the P. R. R. Co. near the North Spring; blew off the roof and did little other injury to the company.—Thence it extended to Hallsfield (formerly the residence of Mr. Wm. Baird) where it killed his negro wagoner and two horses—and did some other injury. About this point our informant supposes that its direction began to change, and it took around a little to the north or east, destroying the out-houses of Mr. Shand's of Prince George and injuring his stock, fences, &c. At Mrs. John James Thweatt's similar injuries are understood to have been sustained. At Prince George C. H. it passed rather to the north of the tavern and destroyed the northern wall of the jail.

It appeared when seen above the horizon about 3 miles off like a large black dense cloud, yet somewhat resembling a volume of boiling water, the whole mass moving eastwardly, yet rapidly whirling around, and at the same time in a state of internal commotion like water foaming and boiling over.

The hurricane also visited Caroline county, and we learn that at Doctor Morris's place the trees about his residence were torn up by the roots.

Murder.

A most dreadful homicide was committed yesterday morning about ten, in Mignonne street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, under circumstances of the most melancholy description. A rabit, the property of Mrs. Patrick, residing in the Main street, near Mignonne street, which escaped from her house, and ran through the street; was caught by a carter named Toussaint Payette did St. Amour. St. Amour had the rabbit in his arms when Mrs. Patrick came up to him; after some words she seized the rabbit and went towsrds her house, into which she was followed by St. Amour, who is presented as having been somewhat intoxicated. There an altercation took place between them, during which the woman received a blow. Mr. Thomas Goodman, a teacher of dancing, brother to Mrs. Patrick, having heard that his sister had been struck, became very indignant, and in order to take St. Amour to the police office, for the assault, Mr. Goodman ran across the marshy fields on the right of the St. Lawrence Maine street, towards *Cote a Barron*, to the residence of Mrs. Cadieux, where he borrowed a double-barrelled gun, with which he repaired to Mignonne-street, where St. Amour still remained. He then summonned the latter to accompany him, and threatened him with violence if he resisted. St. Amour was going along very peaceably, when a by-stander, named Louis Boucher, a stone mason, called out to St. Amour not to go with Mr. Goodman, as he was not a constable, and had no warrant to arrest him. Goodman then drew back a few paces, presented his gun, fired, shot St. Amour in the head near the left ear, in the temple and over the face, and wounded Boucher in the left arm with the same discharge. The unfortunate man lingered till 11 o'clock, when, notwithstanding the exertions of Drs. Neilson and Bruneau, he expired. It is said that thirty-one duck shot were extracted from his head. Boucher's wound is not dangerous; in fact he was walking about yesterday.—Several shot were also extracted from his wound. A coroner's Jury was called, who brought in a verdict of "wilful murder, from a gun-shot wound." Goodman, who was recently married, is now confined in prison and will be brought to trial in September next. He has hitherto passed for a quiet, inoffensive individual.

Mon. Gaz.

Ludicrous Punishment.

In the town of Arlington lived a doctor who openly professed himself a partizan of New York, and was accustomed to speak disrespectfully, of the Convention and Committees, espousing the cause of the New York Claimants, and advising people to purchase lands under their title. He was admonished by his neighbors, and made to understand, that this tone of conversation was not acceptable, and was requested to change it, or at least to show his prudence by remaining silent. Far from operating any reform—these hints only stirred up the ire of the courageous doctor, who forthwith armed himself with pistols and other weapons of defence, proclaiming his sentiments more boldly than ever, setting opposition at defiance, and threatening to try the full effects of his powers and implements of warfare on any man, who should have the temerity to approach him with an unfriendly design. Such a boast was likely to call up the martial spirits of his opponents, who acordingly came upon the doctor at an unguarded moment, and obliged him to surrender at discretion. He was than transferred to the Green Mountain Tavern, in Bennigton, where he was arranged before the Committee, who, not satisfied with his defence, sentenced him to a novel punishment, which they ordered to put in immediate execution. Before the door of this tavern, which served the double purpose of a court-house and an inn, stood a signpost twenty-five feet high, the top of which was adorned with the skin of a Catamount, stuffed to the size of life, with its head turned towards New York, and its jaws distended, showing large naked teeth, and grinning terror to all who should approach from that quarter. It was the judgment of the court, that the contumacious doctor should be tied in a chair, and drawn up by a rope to the Catamount, where he was to remain suspended two hours, which punishment was inflicted in the presence of a numerous assemblage of people, much to their satisfaction and merriment. The doctor was then let down and permitted to depart to his own house.

American Biography.

The Mothers of Washington and Byron.

"A good boy generally makes a good man," said the mother of Washington; "George was always a good boy." Here we see one great secret of his greatness. George Washington had a mother who made him a good boy, and instilled into his heart these principles which caused him to be the benefactor of his country, and one of the brightest ornaments of the world. The mother of Washington is entitled to a nation's gratitude. She taught her boy the principles of obedience and moral courage and virtue. She in a great measure formed the character of the hero and the statesman. It was by her own fireside that she taught her playful boy to govern himself, and thus he was prepared for the brilliant career of usefulness which he afterwards pursued. We are indebted to God for the gift of Washington; but we are no less indebted to him for the gift of his inestimable mother. Had she been a weak and indulgent and unfaithful parent, the unchecked energies of Washington might have elevated him to the throne of a tyrant, of youthful disobedience might have prepared the way for a life of crime and a dishonored grave.

Byron had a mother just the reverse of lady Washington; and the character of the mother was transferred to the son. We cannot wonder, then, at his character and conduct, for we see them to be the almost necessary consequence of the education he received, ane the scene he witnessed in his mother's parlor. She would, at one time, allow him to disobey with impunity; again, she would fly into a rage and beat him. She thus taught him to defy authority, human and divine; to indulge without restraint in sin; to give himself up to the power of every maddening passion. It was the mother of Byron who laid the foundation of his pre-eminence in guilt. She taught him to plunge into the sea of profligacy and wretchedness, upon whose agitated waves he was tossed for life. If the crimes of the poet deserve the execrations of the world, the world cannot forget that it was the mother who fostered in his youthful heart those passions which made the son a curse to his fellow men. Had Byron and Washington exchanged cradles during the first month of their infancy, it ts very certain that their characters would have been the licentious profligate, and Byron the exemplar of virtue and the benefactor of nations.

Abbott.

Sir,—I met with the following lines in a Lady's Album some years ago in England.—They are, I believe, manuscript, and if an imitation of the Troubadour poetry, the style of the "professors of the joyous science" has been well hit off; it is however probable, from internal evidence in the curious minuteness of the descriptions, that they are a genuine translation of some Troubadour Song of the period.—The story is familiar to most of your readers; the Prince Arthur mentioned in the song, was the son of Geoffrey, the elder brother of King John, and was supposed to have been made away with by that inhuman tyrant.—The event forms a prominent incident in Shakespeare's powerfully written play of King John.

Elleanor of Brittany's Lament on the death of her brother Prince Arthur.

There grew two roses on one stem,
And Heaven's blessing fell on them,
And they in sun and summer dew,
Where sweetest flowers that ever blew.
There sang two birds within a bower,
In winter's frost and autumn's shower,
In summer tide and joy of spring
Like two angels carolling.
There flowed two rivers side by side,
One fount their sister streams supplied,
The flocks drank of their waves, and fair
The fowl birds would warble there,
Ah me! there came a cruel storm
Those beauteous blossoms to deform,
There came a Falcon to the bower,
Those tuneful songsters to devour,
The winter's torrent came to sweep
Those rivers from their channels deep.
One flower of bud and beauty reft,
One streamlet's waves alone are left,
One bird is gone, ah me, the other
Sits mourning for its little brother.
Now like the widowed stream I die
Because my sister waves are dry,
And like the bird left in the bower
Lone sing I through the midnight hour.
The perished stream is Arthur's fate,
He is the bird reft from its mate,
He is the flower that blooms no more,
The widowed branch is Elleanor. C.

Quebec Mercury.

A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of lead in his forehead, called one morning on a counsellor, who asked what news?—"Why," says the other, "I do not know; my head is confoundedly *out of order* this morning. "That is extraordinary news, indeed" says the counsellor. "What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache!"—"No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so *simple a machine to be out of order* is extraordinary indeed!"

A quaker once hearing a person tell how much he *felt* for another who was suffering, and needed his assistance, dryly observed to him "Friend, hast thou *felt in thy pocket* for him!"

MARRIED.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Mayer, Esias Kinzer, M. D. of Hatville, Lancaster county, to Miss Catharine A. Roland, daughter of Henry Roland, Esq. of New Holland, Lancaster county.

DIED

In Lancaster, on Saturday morning the 10th inst. Miss CELIA, daughter of Jacob Lemmon, Esq. of Lancaster, in the 20th year of her age.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
Flour (wheat)	$4,37½	5,12½	5,25
Rye Flour	300	3,37½	3,87½
Corn	45	56	56
Wheat	95	1,00	1,00
Rye	55	66	66
Oats	25	31	30
Cloverseed	2,75	3,25	3,50
Whiskey	18	20	20
Flaxseed	150	1,60	1,62
Butter	15	"	"
Eggs	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00 to 11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50 to 7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 24,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 30 inch from $5,00 to	9,00
do. 2 ft. from $3,00 to	5,00
Scantling white Pine from $10,00	to 12,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to	9,00
Cherry boards from $15,00 to	25,00
Chair Plank, good,	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$31 to 04,00
Do do rough " " from	$12 to 25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. " from	$20 to 25,00
Barrel do " " from	$7, to 10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$7 to 8,00

Attention!

UNION BATTALION OF DONEGAL.

You will meet for parade, fully equipped for inspection, at the Market Square, in the Borough of Marietta, on Saturday, the 7th of June at one o'clock, P. M. By order of the Major,

J. T. ANDERSON, *Adj't.*

Marietta, May 22, 1834.

Columbia Artillerists.

You will assemble at the Town Hall, on Friday the 6th day of June next, at 8 o'clock, A. M. in full uniform, with arms and accoutrements in good condition, in order to march to Washington for inspection.

☞ *Take notice* that every member of the Company who has not yet paid up his fines, or who has not yet uniformed himself, will be dealt with according to law immediately after the above stated parade has taken place. By order, WM. RITTENHOUSE, *O. S.*

Marietta, May 22, 1834,

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Notice

Is hereby given that the Town Council passed a resolution on the 5th of April, requiring the Ordinance of the 27th March, 1830, to establish a

MARKET
in the Borough of Marietta,

to be enforced. Therefore a Market will be held on Wednesday and Saturday of each week between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock, A. M. commencing on Wednesday the 23d of April. The ordinance prohibits the sale or purchase of butter or any other article of marketing elsewhere than at the Market house, during said market hours, under a penalty or fine of from one to five dollars.

SAMUEL D. MILLER,
Chief Burgess.

A. N. CASSEL, Town Clerk.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

The Land of the Blest.

BY MRS. ABDY.

'Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country her health to
regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of
snow,
For some warm sunny land, where the soft
breazes blow?"

"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy lov'd mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are un-
known;
Her spirit is strengthened, her fame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace in the Land of
the Blest."

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than
ours,
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming
the flowers,
Does Summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and
song?"

"Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by Winter
or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and
bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are ad-
dress'd
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the
Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely ap-
pear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger
while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will
flee,
And sigh dearest father for you and for me."

"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long-severed friends of her earliest
days,
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of
the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of
bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and
friends."

"Not on me love; I trust I may reach that bright
clime,
But in Patience I stay till the Lord's chosen
time,
And must strive while awaiting his gracious
behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the
Blest.

Thou must toil through a land full of dangers,
my boy;
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue des-
troy,
Nor wilt thou alas! be withheld from its snares
By a brother's kind counsels, a mother's fond
prayers,
Yet fear not—the God whose direction we
crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified
guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the
Blest."

FROM TAIT'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE.

The Bride.

The bridal veil hangs o'er the brow,
The ring of gold is on her finger,
Her lips have breathed the marriage vow,
Why should she at the altar linger?

Why wears her gentle brow a shade,
Why dim her eye, when doubt is over,
Why does her slender form for aid
Lean tremblingly upon her lover?

Is it a feeling of regret,
For solemn vows so lately spoken?
Is it a fear scarce own'd as yet,
That her new ties may soon be broken?

Oh no! such causes darken not
The cloud that's swiftly passing o'er her;
Her's is a fair and happy lot,
And bright the path that lies before her.

Her heart has long been freely given
To him who now her hand possessing,
Through patient years has fondly striven
To merit well the precious blessing.

It is the thought of untried years
That, to her spirit strongly clinging,
Is dimming her blue eyes with tears;
And o'er her face a shade is flinging.

It is the thought of duties new,
Of wishes that may prove deceiving,—
Of all she hopes, yet fears to do,
Of all she loves and all she's leaving:

It is the thought of bygone days,
Of them, the fond, the gentle hearted,
Who meet not now her fearful gaze,
The dear, the absent, the departed!

Oh! who can marvel that the bride
Should leave the sacred altar weeping;
Or who would seek those tears to chide,
That fresh and green her heart are keep-
ing.

Not he who with a lover's care,
And husband's pride, is fondly guiding
Her trembling steps; for he can share
The gentle thoughts that need no bidding.

Soon love for him those tears will chase,
And smiles relight her eye with gladness:
And none will blame, who truly trace,
To its pure source, her transient sadness.

A. E.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern prt of Marietta.

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally, both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

Referencences as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H, GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833,

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE!

HOUSES, BARNS, GOODS, LUMBER YARDS, and other property insured, on application at the agency office of the Franklin Fire Insurance company of Philadelphia next door below the office of the Columbia Spy.

Columbia, May 11th, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LIST OFL ETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Marietta, Lancaster county Pa. April 1, 1834.

A
Atherton B. Stephen, Albright Henry.
B
Briteman John, Bender David, Betrone Geo. Beam Martin.
C
Clark L. Uriah, Collins Michael.
D
Deplay John.
F
Fausnought Elizabeth, Fengerd Andrew.
G
Gamber John, 2, Gilman Mary, Gorl Henry.
H
Harkins Dennis, Hiestand Jacob, 2, Hantz Andrew, 2, Hutton Rebecca, Hyple Sarah, Heisler Charles, Haines Henry.
J
Jacobs Jonathan, Johnson Marian,
K
Kelley John, Keushter John.
L
Lecture Wm., Lattin Esther, Lewis Abel.
M
McMulta Cormick, Myers John, McEllroy Samuel, Mumma John.
P
Philip Jno., Pennington B. Jno.
R
Rice Wm., Ream Jno., Ream Geo.
S
Shenberger Henry, Sharper Rachel, 2, Shuler Geo. Sherer Christ, Smith Izrael, Sands Wm., Sowders Sam.
W
Winchell Abraham, Waldman Joseph.

JACOB GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, April 3, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster county Pa., April 1, 1834.

John Kugle, Christian Grove, 2, Catharine Sultzbaugh, Samuel Hackenberger, John Smith, Mr. Johnston, John Hanes, Conrod Sigler, John M. Whitehill, Michael Brenneman, John S. Brenneman, Hetty Lynch, John Rumbough, 2, Andrew Hershey, Christian Leichty, Samuel Tomlinson, Henry Eagle, Jacob Like, Isaac Strohne, William Brown, Joseph Leager, Jacob Kulp, Mary Wilson, Elizabeth Maize, Mary Poist.

GEORGE FERREE, P. M.

Maytown, April 3, 1834.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

OFFICE at the corner of Locust and Second Streets, next to the Printing Office.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, an may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

PROPOSALS,

By Adam J. Glossbrenner, of York, Pa.

FOR PUBLISHING, BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A HISTORY OF YORK COUNTY,

From its erection to the present time.

By Wm. C. Carter & A. J. Glossbrenner.

The facts, composing the proposed work, are derived from the most authentic sources.—The late Mr. Carter devoted a number of years to the collection of facts pertaining to a history, of this county, and had brought his notes for that history up to the year 1824, when the work was left incomplete by his death. The subscriber recently succeeded in obtaining possession of those notes—has now reduced them to order—and has, at no small expenditure of time and labor, put himself in possession of such facts as will enable him to continue the history to the present time.

CONTENTS OF THE WORK.

A history of this section of the country, prior to the erection of the county of York, with interesting notices of the earliest settlers.

An account of the progressive improvement of the county.

A number of quaint documents with the early history of the town and county.

A typographical and historical sketch of the Boroughs of York, Hanover, &c.

A history of the most remarkable events connected with the history of the county, embracing atmospheric phenomena, floods of the Codorus, insurrection of the blacks in 1803, &c. &c. &c.

A notice of Congress, during its session in York, and the causes which induced its removal to this place.

A brief notice of the various churches in the county, their first erection, their pastors from time to time, &c.

A list of all the Sheriffs, Coroners, Commissioners, Treasurers, Congressmen, State Senators, Assembly, &c. of the county up to 1834.

A statement of votes for governor polled in this county, from the time of the contest between Mifflin and St. Clair, down to that between Wolf and Ritner.

Biographical notices of some of the most distinguished individuals who have resided in this county.

A list of all the newspapers and other periodicals ever published in this county, the time when they were established, and by whom.

Post offices in the county.

Census of the county at different periods.

In addition to the information to be given under the above heads, a variety of interesting facts will be introduced under the head "Miscellaneous."

The work will contain between 200 and 300 pages, will be printed on good paper, strongly bound, and delivered to subscribers at $1,50 per copy.

The Public's Obedient Servant,
A. J. GLOSSBRENNER.

York, Pa. April 9, 1834.

Receipts and Expenditures of the Borough of Marietta, from March 31st 1833, *to March* 31st, 1834, *inclusive.*

Amount of Duplicate of 1833	$731	57
Amount received for license of shows,	26	75
Amount received for stall rents,	4	50
Amount of fine,	4	50
Amount of rent for public ground and School House lot,	19	00
Amount received for Bank,	25	00
Amount rec'd for School House rent,	10	00
Amount rec'd for Stall rent for 1834,	15	31¼
Amount rec'd for do. do. for 1834,	5	25
Amount received of J. Stackhouse for Ludwicks pavement,	28	34
Amount received of Jacob Stahl for Public Ground rent, for 1834,	15	00
	$885	22¼

Paid McElroy for going to Harrisburg and conveying Burden's children to the Poor House,	6	25
Paid for printing,	7	50
Paid for taking Assessment,	20	00
Paid for hauling,	12	00
Paid for Stationary,	1	20
Paid to street Commissioners for repairing streets,	346	37½
Paid expenses of the Market house,	7	92½
Paid discount and part of principal in Bank,	146	50
Paid percentage to the Collector,	63	48
Paid High Constable salary,	18	75
Paid Clerks salary and clerking election,	31	00
Paid for removing nuisances,	1	62½
Paid for laying pavement,	9	99
Paid for repairs at Public Schoolhouse,		60
Paid S. D. Miller as Burgess, and other services,	24	75
Paid law suit expenses,	22	54
Paid bill due of former years,	58	08
Paid contingent expenses,	2	43¾
Uncollected tax of 1833,	61	20
Cash in the Treasury,	43	02
	$885	22¼

RECAPITULATION.

Borough of Marietta, Dr.

To the Farmers' Bank of Lancaster,	500	00
" a balance due James Wilson,	11	87
" a do. due Benjamin Garman,	10	50
" a do. due Jacob Sheidley,	4	41¼
" a do. due Lewis Leader,	12	97¾
" amount due David Rinehart,	8	57½
" do. due James Mehaffey,	6	44
" do. due Abraham Cassel,	2	83
" do. due James Glenn,	17	85
" a balance due John H. Goodman,	1	85
" a do due J. Spangler,	3	67½
	$580	98

Borough of Marietta, Cr.

By amount due by John Roberts in suit,	35	60½
" note due by Jacob Libhart, in suit,	15	59½
" outstanding taxes of 1833,	61	20
" cash in the Treasury,	43	02
" amount due by the Borough,	425	56
	$580	98

The foregoing account has been examined and approved of by the undersigned, a committee appointed by the Town Council of the Borough of Marietta, to audit and adjust the Borough accounts.

JAMES WILSON,
LEWIS LEADER.

Attest,

SAMUEL S. GROSH, T. C.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, and has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE, which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES, GROUND SPICES Mahogony Veneires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S

HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty four rooms, two of which are private Parlors and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier,

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all of which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Pine Wood

For SALE at CHIQUES SAW MILL, price 50 cents per half Cord.

January 11, 1833.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, Cashier.

March 14, 1833.